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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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GITTIN' RELIGION.

I ain't much on religion
Nor prayer meetin' beside,
I've never joined the church as yet,
An' ain't been sanctified;
But a tender sort o' feeling
Draws me nearer to the skies
Since I got a peep of heaven
Through a pair of trustin' eyes!

Time was when pothin' moved my thoughts
Above this sinful world,
No preacher's words could stir me up
In wrath an' fury hurled;
But lately I've been drifting
Nigher to the better land,
An' the force that draws me upward
Is a baby's dimpled hand!

Seems like the bad thoughts sneak away
With that wee chap hard by,
An' cuss words that were handy once
Won't come when he is nigh!
Fact is, it sorter shames me
To see those clear blue eyes
Look at me (when I'm gettin' riled)
With pity and surprise.

I don't know much 'bout heaven
Or angels an' such things,
But somehow when I picture them
It ain't with harps and wings—
But with yeller curls all tangled
An' tender eyes that shine,
An' lips so soft and lovin'
Like that little chap of mine.

An' when he folds his chubby hands
In his little bed at night,
An' whispers, "Now I lay me,
Why, thar's somethin' ails my sight,
An' my throat feels kinder husky
When he blesses me, an' then—
I'm dead sure I've got religion
By the time he says "Amen!"

Shut out of Freedom's Land.

"If there is one thing in which I am interested more than another in connection with my work at Ellis Island, said Immigration Commissioner Watchorn, to a representative of *The Christian Herald*, who visited him a few days ago, "it is that justice shall be done the immigrants. Not one shall land, if I can avoid it, who is a menace in any way to our country, owing either to physical, moral or mental conditions.

"I think you may be interested in some of the cases which are to come before me this morning. There were twenty yesterday, and only one immigrant passed; the other nineteen are now on their way back to their native land.

"About \$100,000,000 were expended last year in this country," he continued, "in caring for alien paupers, and as I do not propose to swell the list, I try and exclude all who are likely to become public charges. The State of New York alone spends \$7,000,000 for the support of insane pauper aliens."

Here the first case was called. This proved to be a tall, elderly, rather bony Irishman, who answered the Commissioner's questions with the greatest volubility.

"What does the doctor say about this case?" asked the Commissioner of the record clerk. "Senility," was the answer.

It came out that the old man had been in this country before, and was returning from a protracted visit to Ireland. He had paid his own way, and had a little money left. He had relatives in Ireland, but none here. This much the questioner gathered, by shouting at the top of a very strong pair of lungs, for the old man was quite deaf, although this deficiency was more than made up in his copious speech, as he rambled on with his long story.

"Now, what," asked the commissioner, turning to the writer, "in your opinion, sent this old fellow here, when all his relatives are in the old country?"

"Probably they got tired having him around, and thought it an easy way to get rid of him," was the answer.

"I guess you are right. He would be sent back but for the fact that a man of means has come forward and given a bond not only to support him, but to produce him at any time when called upon, otherwise he might be an inmate of an almshouse in a short time. So he stays as long as his bondsman is good." And the old man passed out to make room for an interesting family group, consisting of father, mother, and their grown daughter.

"What's the doctor's report?" the Commissioner asked.

"Senility in the case of the man. They have very little money, and they wish to go to the Far West, to a son who works a farm," was the clerk's reply.

Through a Swedish interpreter it was learned that they had paid their own passage and had tickets for the West. The old man glanced

ed apprehensively around the room, while his wife answered the usual questions. She was an honest-faced, thick-set, middle-aged woman, evidently not a stranger to the hardest kind of work, kindly eyed, and dressed with utmost care and neatness. The daughter was the replica of her mother in everything but years. Her face, youthful and pleasant, was now rosy, as she stood between father and mother, waiting for the Commissioner's verdict.

"What do you think of this case?" again the visitor was asked.

"The old man may be past usefulness," was the reply, "but those women are able and willing to work and will take care of him."

"I think you are right," said the official. "They shall have the opportunity."

Then came several peculiar cases of more or less interest, in which each individual immigrant, by wildness of eye and manner, or by dull, uncomprehending stare, raised very natural doubts as to his mental fitness for citizenship.

Next appeared a little old Scandinavian woman, who instantly, upon entering, became the focus of every eye in the room. Curtsying in the most respectful manner, she stood before the Commissioner, answering his questions through an interpreter. She was dressed in her best, and was neat as a pin; not a hair was out of place under the fine fringed-black silk square which covered her head. There was not a speck upon her tightly-fitting brown woollen dress. She was a widow, whose husband died four years ago, leaving her a few thousand dollars.

She had had nine children. Three boys were at sea. She did not know from what port they sailed or where they were bound. She had no money now—only a few dollars. Yes, she had children here; some were dead, and some were living in New York, she thought. Poor old soul! They had not come to meet her. She had waited in vain. Her money had evidently been given to her boys at home. Now there was nothing left for her but deportation.

She didn't understand the Commissioner's decision, which he seemed loath to give and which she would be told later; but she trotted hopefully toward the door, where she paused to give a final queer little curtsy.

And so the mill grinds on every day at Ellis Island, the wheat being separated from the chaff of immigration. Many thousands are welcomed to our shores, and go their ways, with high hopes of what the future has in store for them; but every out-going steamer carries heartaches and heartbreaks within the saddened breasts of little bands of unfortunate deported aliens, who have been turned back when they had reached the very gate of the Land of Promise.

TOOK HER AT HER WORD.

"Now, Henry," said the bride, "I want you to understand distinctly that I do not wish to be taken for a bride! I am going to act exactly as if I were an old married woman. So, dearest, do not think me cold and unloving if I treat you very practically when there is anybody by."

"I don't believe I can pass for an old married man," said Henry. "I am so fond of you that I am bound to show it. I am sure to betray myself."

"No, you mustn't. It's easy enough; and I insist that you behave just like all old married men do. Do you hear?"

"Well, darling, I'll try; but I know I shall not succeed."

On the first evening of their arrival at their hotel the bride retired, relates *London Tit-Bits*, and the groom fell in with a whist party, with whom he sat playing cards till four o'clock in the morning. His wife spent the weary hours in weeping.

At last he turned up, and met his grief-stricken bride with the hilarious question:

"Well, ain't I doing the old married man like a daisy?"

She never referred to the subject again, and everybody in future knew that they had just been married.

Silent Famous Men.

It is a curious and interesting fact that many of the world's greatest men have been sparing of words as they have been prodigal of deeds.

It is doubtful if there ever lived a more taciturn man than Wallenstein, the famous commander of the Austrian army during the thirty years' war. It is said of Wallenstein that he "lived in an atmosphere of silence" and never uttered a word that was not absolutely necessary, nor would he permit others to speak in his presence more than was essential. One of his chamberlains was hanged for waking Wallenstein with needless noise. His servants were so many mutes, not daring to open their lips in his presence and he was surrounded by patrols, and the approaches to his house were barricaded by chains to preserve him from the least disturbance. In comparison with Wallenstein, it has been recorded, Diogenes would have been a chatterbox and William the Silent a brawler.

The great Duke of Marlborough when receiving report from his general would produce his watch and say, "I will give you a minute." And it was likely to go hard with the officer who did not observe the limitation. To his staff the Duke of Wellington was always more or less a sphinx. A nod or a shake of the head was often the only response they could get from him, and when once he was asked what he considered the best equipment of a commander he answered, "A long head and a silent tongue."

But silence is a characteristic of many of the world's most famous soldiers. Napoleon boasted that in his dealings with men he never wasted a word and made monosyllables answer most purposes. But nothing escaped his eyes, and he could compress more within a sentence than most men could convey in a quarter of an hour.

Von Moltke almost rivaled Wallenstein in taciturnity. He never opened his mouth if a gesture would suffice, and when the news was brought to him that the French had declared war he simply said to the aid-de-camp, "Second pigeon-hole on the right, first tier," and turned round to sleep again. But he had said all that was necessary, for in the pigeonhole indicated were complete plans for the campaign which closed in brilliant victory. Von Moltke used to say that one verb in the German language was worth all the others put together and that was "thun"—"to do."

The worst thing his enemies could say of President Grant was "He won't talk because he has so much to conceal," and yet it was precisely in the silence that Grant's real strength lay. His orders and dispatches were the briefest ever penned, and when once a charming young lady playfully asked him why he would not talk to her he answered, "My dear, don't you know that silence is one of the greatest arts of conversation?"

But it has been the same in all ages. Charlemagne was a perfect miser of words, holding, with Confucius, that "silence is a friend that will never betray." Hannibal was a "man of monosyllables," and Julius Caesar was nicknamed by his soldiers "The Oracle."

Even great statesmen and writers who cannot suffer from any lack of words have often been among the most reserved of men. Of Addison, Johnson says, "Of his external manners nothing is so often mentioned as that timorous or sullen taciturnity which his friends called modesty by too mild a name." According to Chesterfield, he was "the most timorous and awkward man I ever saw," and even Addison himself, speaking of his own deficiency in conversation, used to say, "I can draw bills for a thousand pounds, though I haven't a guinea in my pocket."

Dryden was unutterably dreary as a companion. "My conversation is slow," he once wrote. "My humor saturnine and reserved, and I am none of those who endeavor to break jest in company and make repartees." And Shadwell tells how he once dined with Dryden, and from the beginning to the end of

the meal the poet "never opened his lips except to eat."

Thomas Carlyle was a "hoarder of the gold of silence," and would sit for hours, puffing away at his pipe, without uttering more than a grunt or a gruff monosyllable. Leigh Hunt, his neighbor and intimate, once wrote to a friend: "Have just spent a pleasant hour with Carlyle. When I went in he growled, 'Halloo; here again!' and at parting he snapped out, 'Good Day!' and that is the sum of the conversation he honored me with. But eloquent his silence is! I just sat and looked at him and came away strengthened for fresh struggle."—*Sel.*

The Dollar Drew Interest

Late on the Saturday noon preceding the day on which Bishop Joyce became ill, he walked up street with a friend and parted with him in front of the *Journal* office, after making an appointment to see him again on Monday on his return trip from Red Rock. He was in fair health, but said that the terrific heat during his work in St. Louis the week before had affected his stomach. Otherwise he was quite well and was scheduled for several meetings during the Denver convention.

A little incident occurred while he stood in front of the *Journal* building. A prominent attorney of the city came along and shook hands with the bishop, and, after a minute's conversation on other topics, said: "Bishop, when are you going to preach in Minneapolis again? I haven't heard a good sermon since the last time I heard you."

"Have you been to church since then?" asked the bishop, with a twinkle in his eye.

"No," said the attorney; "I have not."

"Well," rejoined Bishop Joyce, "you see now how important it is that I studied law in my younger days."

"I see," said the lawyer, "you have grasped the principle of cross-examination of witnesses."

Bishop Joyce was asked when he was going to Denver.

"I do not know exactly," he said. "If my ticket comes, I shall go Monday night. I have a friend in Chicago who sends me tickets whenever I have any travelling to do in this north-west country. He is a railroad man, and I am going to tell you how I became a 'solid' with him, as the saying goes."

"Years ago I was the pastor of a little church in an Indiana town, and in that town was a boy who carried papers to help his mother, who was a widow. He used to bring around New Year's greetings, and I would give him ten cents, or whatever I could spare. One New Year's, I remember, I gave him a dollar. It was a big dollar to both of us, because he did not have any and I had very few. Well, you should have seen that boy go whooping down the street with that dollar in his fist."

"Years afterward I was pastor in Cincinnati and wanted a clergyman's permit, which would give me reduced rates on railroads. I knew from the papers that my little friend of the dollar, who had grown up and become a great railway man, was in Cincinnati, so I went to his office for his assistance in getting the permit. I went into the office and asked for him by name."

"He was not in, so I named my business to the clerk, saying, 'I want a clergyman's permit; I am a preacher here, and my name is Joyce.'"

"Joyce," said the clerk, "why, we know all about you. Mr. — has told us all about you, and said that if you came in here, to give you anything you wanted except the rails."

"So you see," said the bishop, with a little smile, "the Methodist Episcopal Church has been drawing splendid interest on that dollar. It has often made me think we little know the possibilities in the little boys running among our feet. My friend has often told me that dollar that day was worth more to him in giving him confidence in the future than any \$10,000 he ever handled afterward. Preachers and business men cannot take too much notice

nor learn too much about the boys."

—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Hasty Speech.

If there is any lesson that should be instilled in children, it is the danger of hasty speech. The habit of unkind talk is one that vitiates the character, and the habit often begins in childhood. The boastful boy or girl grows into the arrogant man or woman. The sneering child develops into an adult full of illnature and uncharitableness. The infant gossip becomes a full-fledged slanderer. It often happens that the very traits of character which are most amusing in a child are those which develop into the most hateful and unlovely ones in the man or woman. The smart little girl, who amuses every one with her mimicry, often becomes a gossiping woman, whose careless speech is too often spiced with slanderous innuendo.

If the growing girl is warned by precept and example against all forms of personal criticism and censure, she will not be apt to fall into this fault in after years. She should be protected against companions who indulge in censorious gossip as she should against poisonous serpents, and should be taught to recognize and avoid those persons who season their conversation with unkind, sharp talk, about their neighbors as she should be to avoid poisonous fruits.

How often it happens that those who are the most censorious critics of their neighbors' actions, are the persons who are most faulty themselves in the very matters they criticize. The average gossipier utterly fails to remember that "soiling another will never make one's self clean." An unkind or censorious word in itself may be trivial in its effect, but as a step in the career of its author it is a very serious thing. In its final effect, repeated and exaggerated as it inevitably will be, it may ruin a life.

The desire to shine in conversation, to excite admiration by sharp, witty speech, tempts many a young person into talk which is both wicked and scandalous. The child gossip is one of the features of modern society. The desire of exciting admiration is developed at an abnormal age in the atmosphere of modern society, and children sometimes become expert in retailing affairs that are "none of their business," at an age when the old-fashioned child was interested in nothing more vital than sugar plums and dolls. These abnormally developed little gossipers are one of the saddest criticisms on their parents, whose foolish, scandalous talk they repeat with parrot-like fluency.—*Sel.*

Young Girls on the Streets.

Young girls with trim little tailored suits and natty hats with snooded hair and fresh round faces, girls who ought to be home with mother and father are to be seen upon the streets without escort or in groups of twos and threes at hours long past curfew time on any night of the week. There is something in the round faces that grips a little at the heart, however, and there's too often swagger to the light-footed walk that seems not of harmony with sweet girlhood.

There's a quick retort and a flip-pant jest from lips that should be repeating the multiplication table at home and a bold glance or brazen stare from eyes that should be veiled in maiden modesty. Poor little girls not to know how much more precious than all things born they are when they properly estimate their own worth and pride themselves at it! Victor Hugo once said that he was one of those who fall speechless in the presence of young girls and flowers, deeming them holy. And still they come to be unprized by themselves, neglected by their proper protectors and taken at their own estimate by the world. And it isn't their fault. Most of them have mothers and fathers who can tell them of the pitfalls that lie in the path of vanity and disobedience. Most of them have homes that should be their shelter after the sun goes down and most of them would listen to advice properly given—and in time. The mother and father who think their duty

done in sending the young daughter out to school dressed as well as the neighbor's little girl will have a lot to answer for some day.—*Detroit News Tribune.*

Harmless Germs.

In the abundant talk about bacteria, during these later years, there is cause for alarm to those in whom "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." If the air is swarming with bacilli, say they, where is safety? How shall the human organism protect itself?

At first, the wind of science swept us into mad generalization. Germs were everywhere, and all germs were harmful; therefore, the more food, clothing and coins that were sterilized, the better for us. Then, when it was discovered that not only the food we eat, the air we breathe, but the surface and cavities of our bodies, swarmed with bacteria, while we might be enjoying robust health, it was decided that only certain forms of germ growth were harmful.

These were labelled with great care and ingenuity, until it seemed as if every disease was at last provided with its specific cause, and as soon as that was done, a farther advance in science made us aware that even a specific disease-germ has no power except under favorable conditions, where the body is disposed to that disease.

Ferdinand Hueppe, the German professor of hygiene, has recently declared that the causes of illness can no longer be regarded as if they were as simple as a problem in Botany. No germ, however deadly, can be the sole cause of disease, nor can it produce poisonous effects in more than one body in four, even though it enter them. The conditions prevailing in the cells and fluids of a given body may change the deadly germs of tuberculosis or cholera to harmless products.

"When no susceptibility to disease exists, we may harbor the bacillus with impunity."

Therefore, while no care should be omitted to bring about the best sanitary conditions, we need not give way to hysterical horror over germs. By keeping the body in a condition of good general health, we are doing all in our power to thwart the criminal class of bacilli and to give the policeman germ a chance.

Things in the Good Old Days.

Not until February, of 1812, did the people of Kentucky know Madison was elected President in the previous November.

In 1834, one of the leading railroads of the United States printed on its time table: "This locomotive will leave the depot every day at 10 o'clock if the weather is fair."

The first typewriter was received by the public with suspicion. A reporter who took one into a court room first proved its real worth.

In England some centuries ago if an ordinary workman without permission moved from one parish to another in search of work or better wages he was branded with a hot iron.

When Benjamin Franklin first thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia, many of his friends advised against it because there was a paper published in Boston.

One hundred years ago the fastest land travel in the world was on the Great North road in England. There the York mail coach tore along at the rate of ninety miles a day, and many persons confidently predicted Divine vengeance on such unseemly haste.

When Thomas Jefferson was elected President of the United States on February 17, 1801, the gratifying news did not reach the successful candidate for as many days as it now takes hours to transmit the results of a Presidential election to the whole civilized world.

When Benjamin Franklin first took the coach from Philadelphia to New York he spent four days on the journey. He tells us that as the old driver jogged along he spent his time knitting stockings. Two stage coaches and eight horses sufficed for the commerce that was carried on between New York and Boston, and in winter the journey occupied a week.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were brought into Philadelphia in 1803, the good people of that city, so the records state, tried to burn the stuff, but at length, disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it. Fourteen years later Col. Geo. Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagon loads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretense.—*Success.*

What Luther Burbank Has Done.

For thirty-five years Mr. Burbank has been at work creating new forms of plant life and improving old ones. In that time he has created, by breeding and selection, more than two thousand five hundred distinct species of plant.

Some of his "creations" are: The primus berry, a fruit unknown before, made by the union of a blackberry and a raspberry, which union scientific men said was impossible.

The white blackberry, very beautiful, with a delicate flavor.

The "phenomenal berry," a similar creation, a cross between a raspberry and California dewberry, having the color of a raspberry and the shape of a blackberry, but larger than either, far more productive, and with a flavor surpassing both.

The plumcot (result of the union of the apricot and the plum), of rare flavor and richness, again disproving the dictum of the scientists.

A plum with no pit and one with the flavor of the Bartlett pear.

A walnut first so thin of shell that the birds could peek through it, afterward bred backward along the path it had come until a shell of the required thickness was secured.

He has produced a new thornless cactus, a combination of many other varieties, which bears a fruit, too, for man and beast, and which will redeem the desert places of the earth; he has done all these, and many other marvelous things which may not be mentioned here for lack of space.—*Country Calendar.*

When Irving Met an American Gamin.

Sir Henry Irving often told in London with much gusto of an incident that he said occurred during his last visit here.

"I was strolling down Broadway one afternoon with my long locks floating over the collar of my top coat, when a newsboy rushed up to me and gesticulated violently, shouted in a tragic voice:

"Back! back, Sir Henry! Fly for your life!"

"I considered I was a bit flustered, as I asked, 'What's the matter, my lad?'

"'Orrible danger, sir! There's a barber in that hotel opposite!'" —*Search-Light.*

On the Way.

Mr. Wilkins had a dollar, so he said he guessed he'd pay for Gray.

A little sum he'd borrowed from a gentleman named Gray; Then Gray he took that dollar, and he said, "It seems to me I'd better pay that little debt I owe to McAfee."

Then McAfee the dollar paid upon a bill to Smart; By Smart 'twas paid to Thomson, and by Thomson paid to Hart.

And so that coin kept rolling, as a very busy "plunk," Until it paid indebtedness amounting in the chunk

To more than forty dollars, and it may be rolling yet. And all because this Wilkins thought he'd better pay a debt.

For when a dollar's started On its debt-destroying way, There hardly is a limit To the sums that it will pay.

Mr. Wilkins knew a kindness that he might have done for Gray. But he wasn't going kindly, so he thought it wouldn't "pay."

Then Gray, not being grateful, said, "It really seems to me I've done sufficient favors for that blasted McAfee."

Then McAfee felt ugly, and he took a wheek at Smart, Who passed it on to Thomson, who passed it on to Hart.

And so no act of kindness was done through all that day. But many an act that rankled in a most unpleasant way.

And many a soul was longing for the help to fit its need. And all because this Wilkins didn't do a For a dollar or a kindness Rule is still the same, I say; If you wish to see it rolling, Better start it on its way.

—A. J. Waterhouse.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves must have,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"ONE hundred and eighty two autumns have come and gone since the Governor of the little colony at Plymouth proclaimed the first Thanksgiving Day. The first feast of the family grew out of deliverance from peril. The summer of 1623 brought a drought; the skies were like iron and the earth dry as ashes; the crops were a total failure; the friendly Indians also went beyond the Hudson in pursuit of game, and the deer and the wild birds retreated into the forests of New York. But when the little colony was threatened with starvation a good ship appeared in the harbor, bringing food for the winter. It happened also that very day Miles Standish and his hunters returned after a fortnight's absence, bringing news that the wild game was again moving East toward the ocean. And so the fasting was turned to feasting, and the peril to peace. In recognition of their deliverance the great Thanksgiving Day was held. And from that providential event has come the most genial and beautiful of all American customs, the festival of the family—Thanksgiving Day.—Dwight Hillis.

WE have been waiting patiently for definite information concerning the alleged project of forming a colony of deaf-mutes at Caney, Kan. The daily newspapers throughout the country have been exploiting the matter, but there seems to be only a hazy understanding that a colony of deaf-mutes is contemplated. The papers published for deaf-mutes have contained no details. No one seems to know who is the prime mover in the project. We are, therefore, obliged to consider all the talk and printed comment to be based upon some individual vapors that have attracted the ubiquitous newspaper reporter.

At any rate, such a plan would be foolish in the extreme. A community of the deaf could be established, but it would not last long. The hearing offspring of deaf parents would soon change the character of the colony. Or, if Spartan principles were applied and the children removed from their homes, it would not be long before the original colonists would be extinguished. If our memory serves us aright, a deaf man, named Flournoy, attempted to form a deaf-mute colony about half a century ago. It was the subject of much discussion, pro and con, but was eventually abandoned as impractical. Our sentiments are identical with those expressed by Editor Smith, in a recent editorial brevity in the *Minnesota Companion*:

"The deaf colony idea has been broached, and we believe it has been tried more than once before, without success. We have no real sympathy with the idea. We think it a good plan for two or more deaf families to live near together in the country, for the sake of sympathy and companionship, but the segregation should go no farther."

THE JOURNAL goes to press a day earlier than usual this week, so it is necessary to "double-up" on late correspondence in next issue.

MARRIED.

At New Baden, Ill., November 22d, Mr. Charles Wess, of Belleville, Ill., and Miss Ida Rust, of New Baden—the Rev. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis officiating.

Obituary.

MRS. MARY A. RITTER.

The many friends of Mrs. Mary A. Ritter throughout Virginia and Maryland will be pained to learn that that lovely woman has passed to the beyond. Mrs. Ritter had been suffering ill-health for over two years, and although everything was done toward her recovery, she passed away on Thursday, November 16th, at 3:30 P.M., surrounded by her immediate relatives and a few intimate friends.

Her funeral took place from her late home in Richmond, and was largely attended. The floral offerings were many and beautiful. A large pillow formed of la France roses and carnations, with the words "Our Friend" woven in violets, was sent by the deaf-mutes of Richmond. Other offerings consisted of harps, wreaths, anchors and numerous bouquets. The Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, General Missionary to Deaf of the South conducted the funeral service, reading the beautiful burial office of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Rev. W. E. Robertson, Pastor of Randolph Street Baptist Church, Richmond, interpreted the service orally and also read the subjoined address prepared by Rev. Mr. Whildin. The full choir of the Randolph Street Church was present and sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee"—the favorite hymn of Mrs. Ritter. Synchronously with the singing, the hymn was rendered in the sign-language by the following quartet: Mrs. Fannie D. Chiles, her daughter Dora, Mr. Marcellus Laube and Mr. Robert L. Chiles.

The interment was in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, where are buried many of the greatest men of the South. Among the deaf-mutes present at the service were Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Chiles, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rosenbloom, Mr. Arthur G. Tucker, Mr. James Askew, Mr. J. Canaday, Mr. Southwood Gary, Mr. Joseph E. Cheatham, Mr. Joseph Hecke, Mr. Benjamin Galloway and Mrs. Rebecca Holler.

At the time of Mrs. Ritter's death Rev. Mr. Whildin was on his way to Knoxville, Tenn., where he expected to hold services at the School and St. Paul's Church. A telegram reached him while he was temporarily stopping at Bristol, Tenn.-Va., and he at once took a return train, reaching Richmond early Saturday morning in time to learn of the arrangements made for the funeral and to make a brief visit to his home in Baltimore.

That Mrs. Ritter will be greatly missed by many friends it need hardly be said. Their number was legion. Of a bright, sunny disposition she made friends rapidly and through loyalty and tact and kindness of heart she always retained their friendship. Indeed there was hardly a deaf-mute woman in Virginia more greatly beloved than Mrs. Ritter. It will be recalled by many Baltimoreans that at the Maryland State Convention, held Baltimore in 1903, Mrs. Ritter and Miss Lavinia Argabright were two of the most popular guests from Virginia. About one year following the convention Rev. Mr. Whildin was called upon to officiate at Miss Argabright's funeral, and now he has just performed the same sad rites for Mrs. Ritter.

FUNERAL ADDRESS.

It has often been observed that the truest estimate of a person's worth is made at the moment when that person lies still in death. I think the observation is true. No longer distracted by the ebb and flow of life's activities, but brought face to face with a sudden quietude, our thoughts are apt to be sobered, and our judgment just. It is at such a moment that the whole panorama of a life time passes suddenly before our mind's eye, and we see each light and shadow in its own proper strength. On the canvas is painted for us a life of beauty or a life of sin. And blessed is she of whom it can truly be said at such a moment: "She departed in peace, and in the fear of the Lord."

I see before me some of you who have known our departed friend since she was a little child; others of you have known her since the days of her maidenhood, and others still who have known her only long enough to feel the first warm rays of her strong, yet sweet and gentle personality. There are few of you, I believe, who have not taken counsel with her at times. All of you know the sweet tenor of her life and the peaceful joy of her death-bed, even though its triumphs were lessened by fearful pain.

Mary Alice Ritter was born April 9th, 1872, and was the eldest daughter of Hamilton and Bettie Schaber, of Richmond, both long since passed away. Early in life the dread hand of disease deprived her of hearing, though happily not of speech—and so destined her to move in a world of silence and among a people similarly afflicted as herself. In the year 1884 she was sent to the Virginia School for the Deaf at Staunton, graduating in 1890. It was at this school that the whole after associations of her life were formed. It was at this school that she met her future husband, William Ritter, who now mourns her

departure. On July 6th, 1892, they were joined together at God's altar, and, since that day, when they plighted their troth, they have truly lived as "two minds with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." What better proof of their great love, one for the other, need I offer than this. After her death there was found a box containing, besides her own burial robe, which she had secretly prepared with her own hand, three greatly prized love letters written to her by her lover-husband, a photograph of her husband and also this touching verse. It is written in her own hand and signed with her own initials. I shall now read it to you.

When in death's white garments
You have wrapped my form around,
Ere you lay me down to slumber
In the quiet church-yard ground,
Place these letters and this picture
Beside my pulseless heart,
For we years have been together,
And in death we will not part.

M. A. R.

How we love the Marys and Martha's, the Dorcas and Lydias of the Bible times, the brave Florence Nightingales, and the gentle Mauds and Guinevers of more recent times. How powerfully their good deeds, influence us into doing good! We thank God that they were given to us. And yet how much the more thankful we should be for the brave, the gentle and the good Christian women who to-day live humble lives in our very midst.

I shall never forget the kind and gentle welcome I received from Mary Alice Ritter when first I visited her home a few years ago. I had just been appointed by my Church to preach the glad tidings of Jesus to the scattered hundreds of deaf-mute people in the State of Virginia, and while as yet a stranger among them our deceased friend welcomed me to her happy and peaceful home, as did the Shumanite woman of old. Her wise and gentle counsel, her words of encouragement and her unflinching faith in her Saviour continued to be, almost until the moment of her death, an inexhaustible mine of wealth to me. I marvelled at her wisdom, her faith, her fortitude, and gladly made myself her disciple.

After all, what greater eulogium can we deliver above the grave than to say that she who is now no more lived the life of "one of these little ones." Faithful to those she loved, trusting unflinchingly in the promises of her Saviour, she went over the river. In our imagination we can readily see her in time approaching Him on the other side and being welcomed with "Come thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

How mysterious appear to us the ways of Providence! All around us we see life springing up, blooming into beauty and then being cut down. Unto some is given more than the allotted threescore years and ten, unto others half that time and unto others still less. Why some should live beyond the period of their tasks, while others having hardly as yet proceeded far should be halted, we do not know, nor can we ever know.

Husband, sister, teacher, classmates, friends—you who grieve that but thirty-three years have been given unto this handmaiden of the Lord, believe that it is His will that it should be so. Let us all humbly say: "Thy will, not ours, be done." Let us all believe that, in His wisdom, He calleth his beloved to an early sleep. Therefore in bidding farewell, let us say in heartfelt union:

"Sleep on—sleep on, dear friend—soft bed: pleasant shadows, undisturbed repose—sleep on."

VIRGINIA.

Killed by a Train.

Mary St. Clair Belches, one of the earliest pupils of the Indiana Institution, was struck and instantly killed by a train at her home in Fortville, Ind., Tuesday afternoon, November 21st. Miss Belches was eighty years of age, and almost totally deaf. She had left the home of her niece, with whom she lived, only a few minutes before the accident. She was crossing the tracks, and as her view was obstructed by a box-car on a siding, did not observe the approach of the train, and did not hear the bell and whistle in warning.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

under the auspices of the

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

to be held at

St. Mark's Chapel

Adelphi St., near DeKalb Ave.

Wednesday Evening,

December 27, 1905

Doors open at 7:30 P.M.

Admission - 25 Cents

Wm. A. Moore, Chairman.

A. J. McLaren. A. Berg.

Mrs. B. C. Lockwood. Mrs. McRedondo.

WANTED—A young deaf man, of excellent habits to start as an apprentice in plate printing, at Erie, Pa. One who has learned job printing is preferred and who can give good reference. Apply for further information to W. De Witt Himrod, Erie, Pa.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

New Lights in Students' Rooms.

THE "BANNER" WRONG.

A Foot Ball Tie.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

GALLAUDET COLLEGE, Nov. 27, 1905.—The second of the Faculty lectures was given by Dr. Hotchkiss, Friday night. His subject was "The Name America." He gave his audience some very interesting stories in connection with the etymology of the name and how it came to be given to our country in preference to "Columbia."

The first dance of the college year was given in the students' dining-room, Saturday night, November 25th. The affair was a success. There were few dancers outside of the students, and as a consequence the floor was not so badly crowded as it generally is.

The committee which had charge of the affair, Messrs. Hoffmaster, '06, (Chairman), Leitch, '07, Scheneman, '08, and Poshusta, '09, have the thanks of the student body for their labors.

Drop lights are now being placed in each student's room. A large number of the students found the light from the sixteen candle power burners placed four feet above their desks to be insufficient for their needs. At first the drop-lights had to be obtained at the expense of the students, but as the demand grew and the need of them became more evident, it was decided to furnish them at the expense of the college. Those students who had already purchased lights have been reimbursed.

The "Ducks" have challenged the Sophomores to a game of football, and the game is scheduled for Thanksgiving morning. The Sophomores have barely the requisite number of players to form a team.

Fate seems to be against the pulling off of the great football stunt of Cooper, '08, his once much touted "R. H. J." When in the '08-1-C. game last year Quarterback O'Donnell forgot to call for the play which was to have brought fame to '08, and to William Cooper, the latter consoled himself with the resolution to bring it off this year. He advertised his intentions with the result that when the game between the Sophomores and the "Ducks" was arranged his friends grew expectant. Both Cooper and the crowd are doomed to another disappointment, as Cooper is laid up at present with a weak ankle in a plaster cast, and the game is only three days off.

The issue of the North Dakota *Banner* of November 18th last, contains an editorial stating that the writer had heard through private sources that a student of this College has been suspended for hazing. It goes on to state that hazing has not been stamped out and that "the rowdy element seems to have taken a decided turn for the worse." The truth is the student was not expelled for hazing, but for other causes, chief of which was tampering with the electric lights, when he had recently received a reprimand for the same offense. Our information comes direct from the student himself and from a member of the Faculty.

In connection with this matter we wish to assure those readers, who from lack of other sources of information may be given a mistaken impression of the condition of affairs in this College, that since we entered college, over two years ago, no student has been suspended for hazing. And this for the simple reason that there has been no such thing in this College as hazing in the brutal sense in which the word was understood a few years ago.

Dr. Gallaudet long ago succeeded in suppressing the rowdy element, to his great credit. This fact is well known to all who have kept in touch with affairs of the college.

Continuing, the editorial states that "brutal torment drove one half-crazed student to suicide last spring." Here again the *Banner* errs. We have never heard it intimated from any source other than the columns of one local journal with a very pronounced streak of yellow that the student referred to received any such brutal treatment as the editorial states. Here again the *Banner* has erred. It is as surprising as it is deplorable that the *Banner*, an institution paper, should recall this unfortunate incident and present it to its readers in a false light, which will cast a base and erroneous reflection on the College, wherever the paper is taken seriously. The writer of the editorial expresses a feeling of solicitude for the reputation of our college. It would appear that sincerity in this regard would have prompted said writer to ascertain the authenticity of information so unfavorable to the College before giving it to the public.

A football team made up of both Varsity and Reserve players, journeyed to Alexandria, Saturday afternoon and played a tie game with the Episcopal High School team. The score was 6 to 6. The challenge came to the "Reserves" Thursday. Most of the players were rather out of condition, as the squad had been resting for several days, awaiting developments in the negotiations between Manager Clark and the Georgetown and Gettysburg management. The length of the halves, 20 minutes each, made it hard on the players, especially as their opponents proved to be unusually heavy for High School boys. The feature of the game was a brace by the Reserves on their own 1-yard line, where they held their opponents for four downs, and securing the ball, punted out of danger.

The Jollity Club will present the play, "Sister Marys," on Wednesday night, November 29th.

EDGEWOOD PARK, PA.

It's rather late to give reports of donations to the Home, but we'll stand by the old adage—you know what it is—so here goes:

Through Mr. Henry Bardes, Chairman of the Local Committee, the following donations are reported:

Miss Ida Heim, 1 glass of jelly.
H. Friend, an unknown package.
Miss M. Wagner, 1 package prunes.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Hartley . . . \$ 1 00
Miss C. S. Lamson . . . 1 00
Mr. George B. Voegley . . . 10
Mr. G. P. Grimm . . . 1 00
Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Teegarden . . . 1 00
Mrs. H. Bardes . . . 25
August D. Ehrle . . . 50
Miss M. Leuth . . . 10
Mr. Jas. C. Hubbs . . . 1 00

From Trinity Deaf-Mute Guild:

Mrs. B. R. Allabough, 1 pint jar grape jelly
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Hartley . . . \$ 1 00
Mr. Jos. W. Atcheson . . . 2 00
Mrs. W. Nye, 2 glasses jelly.
Mrs. W. J. C. Taylor . . . 50
Mr. Ernest Cowley . . . 50
Mr. F. A. Leiter . . . 50

Through Mrs. George Annis:
Mrs. E. Scott, 2 quarts peach butter.
Mrs. M. L. D. Sturkey, 2 glasses jelly.
Mrs. W. McPearson, 2 glasses jelly.
Mrs. W. Nye, 2 glasses jelly.
Mrs. Price, 1 glass jelly.
Mrs. George Annis, 3 glasses jelly.
Mrs. B. R. Allabough, 1 glass jelly.
Mrs. A. Woodside, 2 glasses jelly.
Mrs. Col. Sawhill, 2 glasses jelly.
Mrs. H. G. Bellows, 2 glasses jelly.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Friend . . . \$ 1 00
Mr. George Korn . . . 10

The football squad are as enthusiastic as ever, from the fact that they have been putting up a good article in that line so far this fall. Last week they played their old foes, the Swissvale Club, to an even score—0 to 0—and they didn't have the heavy weights as of yore either, such as Korn, McDonough, Carr, etc. To-day they were to have played their second game with the Hamilton Club of Brushton, but the latter flunked, so there was no game at all. Our boys have met with some pretty rough usage this season at the hands of their opponents but they are taking their medicine heroically and no doubt will get through the season without any deaths to report.

Mrs. Burt entertained the lady teachers and others at a luncheon with Mrs. Bell Bryant Scholtz, as honor guest, November 18th. Mrs. Scholtz was for two or three years a teacher here, but last summer decided that the pastime of paddling her own canoe had lost its charms and so hung up her paddles as ornaments in a new home of her own in Wilkinsburg, where she will be "at home" to her numerous friends from this time on.

Mrs. A. U. Downing is unusually happy in that she has her mother, Mrs. Alexander Sears, of Peoria, Ill., with her now. Mrs. Sears will remain in the Pittsburgh murky atmosphere until after the holidays, which is gratifying to Mrs. Downing, no doubt.

Mr. John C. Craig, of Tidal, was a visitor recently. He took time from farm work to come down and see the sights and meet old friends. That farm of his up there could take care of itself with a boy to do the chores. He reported good crops and a prosperous outlook. He raised the prize squash in his section—one that weighed in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. Now, who says that farming doesn't pay?

Mr. E. C. Harah, of Casselman, was here also last Sunday, looking as hale and hearty as ever. He was down from McKeesport where he had been transacting some business. Mr. Harah usually looks prosperous and happy in spite of the fact that he has not taken any one into partnership in his joys and sorrows as yet. There is nothing like contentment, however, and he seems to be that personified.

Among the latest visitors to their *Alma Mater*, were Mr. James Conway, Mr. Elmer Havens, Miss Bertha Jackson, Miss Frances Dedrick and Floyd Stover, all looking well and happy as prosperity and plenty of work always make in. Mr. Havens is chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the Pittsburgh Local Branch and you can count on it there will be some hustling done ere long.

G. M. T.

Agitation is on foot in Germany against Chinese labor in Samoa, where the first ship load of Chinese coolies has arrived.

PHILADELPHIA.

Dr. Crouter Lectures on "The Great Northwest."

ADDITIONAL DONATIONS.

A Wedding Anniversary.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1335 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. A. L. E. Cronter lectured before the Philadelphia Local Branch of the P. S. A. D., at Harrison Hall, 8th and Spring Garden Streets, on Saturday evening, 25th of November. About seventy-five people saw the lecture, which number would undoubtedly have been larger but for the fact that one or two parties were held in the city on the same evening. The Doctors subject, as previously announced was, "The Great Northwest." It was not a general talk; but he went as far back as history goes and, with the aid of a roll of school maps, showed the changes and growth of the great country down to the present day. Then, with other interesting data, he proved its vastness, its unlimited resources, its present greatness, and the great future that lies before it. He also told how the existence of this "great Northwest" was largely due to the wise foresight of Thomas Jefferson. Daniel Webster had openly opposed the growth of the Northwest. That was in the days of the stage-coach or when no railroad had yet invaded the northern country. Before his death, however, the great statesman changed his mind and declared his belief that in about 150 years the natural advantages of Puget Sound would make the greatest city of America rise on its shores and command the trade of the Orient.

This prediction seems remarkable to us when we consider the trend of events in the world's history for the last few years. This, coupled with the rapid rise of the Northwest in a commercial sense, its growing population and the constantly increasing transportation facilities, not to say anything of the possibilities of the new Panama Canal when completed, makes a highly interesting study. There is plenty of time ahead for the materialization of the prediction, and whatever one may think of it, the fact must be recognized that there will be unlimited opportunities for the development of the Pacific States in the next fifty years or so. Such opportunities came first to the Atlantic States, and who dares say that the Pacific continent will not do better in due time. Not we, nay!

The lecture was very instructive and Dr. Crouter certainly succeeded in his object to give his audience "something new and interesting," as he put it. Mr. J. A. Melvaine, Jr., who saw a good deal of the Northwest last Summer, believed from observation that the Doctor had exaggerated nothing in his lecture as he had himself been greatly impressed by the "new country." He then moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Crouter, which was heartily given. Afterwards Messrs. W. Houston, H. F. Smith, R. M. Ziegler, S. G. Davidson, J. S. Reider, and G. T. Sanders discussed ways and means for raising more money for the Home. Mr. Thomas Breen, as Chairman of the Branch, presided over the meeting.

Additional receipts for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf have been received.

From Johnstown, through Mr. Roland M. Barker:

Mr. Chas. L. Berry . . . \$1 00
Dr. L. H. Mayer . . . 1 00
Mr. John G. Woodrow . . . 50

From Reading, through Mr. Wm. H. Eakins:

Mr. and Mrs. James Williams . . . \$ 50
Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Gross . . . 50
Mr. Harvey Gross . . . 50
Mr. and Mrs. C. Snyder . . . 50
Mr. Alvin Williams . . . 50
Mr. Roger Williams . . . 50
Mr. John W. Shappell . . . 50
Mr. and Mrs. John Botzum . . . 50
Mr. James Esterline . . . 50
Mr. and Mrs. Clement Parلمان . . . 50
Miss Annie Eckenroth . . . 50
Mr. Franklin Reinhardt . . . 50
Mr. Harrison Yoder . . . 1 00
Mrs. Jos. Van Kirk . . . 25
Miss Van Kirk . . . 25
Miss Helen Wink . . . 1 00
Miss Martha Miller . . . 50
Mr. and Mrs. Harner . . . 50
Mr. and Mrs. David Rosenbaum . . . 50
Mrs. Edgar Richards . . . 25
Miss Minnie M. Eakins . . . 50
Miss Ida B. Eakins . . . 50
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Eakins . . . 1 00

This reading money was sent direct to the Matron of the Home with instructions to buy potatoes or other provisions and will be accounted for by that person. We would advise that in future such money be sent to the Donation Committee of the Society, which sends out circulars every Fall, and proper credit will then be given in its report to the Society.

The following account was sent for this column:

The social feature of the week in the silent population of Philadelphia was a brilliant reception that was given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Pennell in celebration of the tenth anniversary of their wedding on Saturday evening, November 25th.

Looking as if they were the groom and bride of a day, the host and hostess, of whom the latter was becomingly gowned in white, were showered with congratulations by guests, who were mostly relatives and intimate friends of the couple.

They were the recipients of many beautiful gifts including silverware, bric-a-brac, tapestry, etc. A pleasing sight was presented when the guests repaired into the dining room, which was beautifully and tastefully decorated with chrysanthemums, ferns and potted plants, and where they were treated to an elaborate collation, which was in charge of a first class caterer engaged for the occasion. Among the many guests were—

Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Neill, and their daughter Viola, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Scargle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lippincott, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pennell, Mr. William Pennell, Mrs. William Zelley, Mrs. Elizabeth Stiles, Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, Miss Jane Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fogg, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fogg, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Biddle, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rudolph, Mr. John Balderston and his daughter Mattie, Mrs. James Thorn and her daughter Lillie, Miss Katie Hughes, Miss Ethel Gosner, Miss Effie Schuyler, Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Partington, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mayer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moeller, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Stiles, Mr. and George A. Levan, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Fries, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wallwork, Miss Carrie Aspinwall, Miss Emily Hamilton, Miss Katie Moyer, Mrs. Detwiler, Mr. John A. Roach, Mr. William G. Irvin, Mr. Harry G. Gunkel.

The Thanksgiving Day arrangements at All Souls' Church include a service with Holy Communion at 10:30 A. M., and a social in the evening, to both of which every one is cordially invited. A silver collection will be taken at the social and the money devoted to the needs of the Fair to be held in aid of the Church on December 7, 8 and 9, inclusive. A pleasant social evening is anticipated at the social.

Mr. Chas. Partington, of Chester, gave an entertaining talk on a comparison of English and American life and his own experiences in the two countries, before the Clerc Literary Association on Thursday evening, November 23d.

Mrs. J. D. Ziegler has gone to Lebanon to attend the funeral of her eldest sister, Maria.

November 19th, being the opening of the gunning season in New Jersey, Harry S. Smith, as is his usual wont, spent three days at his old home in Rosemont, a small village in the rural districts of the Northern part of the State. During the first two days he shot 24 rabbits, 4 grey squirrel, a brace of quail and a woodcock. Mr. Smith is an ardent sportsman, and under the non-deplume of "Bob White," has contributed articles on hunting, fishing and camping in several of the leading sporting magazines. One of his latest articles, "An Inexpensive Cruise Through the Picturesque Upper Delaware Valley," will be published in *Country Life in America*, one of the finest magazines published. Besides his writings, he conducts a department in the *National Sportsman*, of Boston, Mass., under the heading of "Pennsylvania Fish and Game Notes." All of Mr. Smith's articles are illustrated by pictures which are taken by himself. One of his latest accomplishments is that of photographing live game birds and animals in their natural haunts, which are greatly appreciated by the magazines. Ever since his boyhood, Mr. Smith has been a great lover of Nature, of outdoor recreation, and of sports with rod and gun, and has made a reputation among the sporting fraternity as a critic on such matters.

It has been found expedient this year to postpone the Gallaudet Club's banquet to Saturday, December 16th. It will probably be held in Mosebach's Garden, Broad Street below Columbia Avenue. The place is four squares from the Columbia Avenue Station of the Reading R. R. and is easily accessible by trolley.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer conducted a service at Chester on Sunday evening.

John Q. Hahn visited the farm of his brother in Daylesford, Chester County, last week, and assisted him in corn-husking. He was given a pleasant drive around Valley Forge before returning to the city.

Sunday, December 3d, the Communion service at All Souls' will be held at 10:30 A. M. No afternoon service.

Together with the tools that were stored inside it, an entire house has been stolen brick by brick, near Cassel, Germany.

NEW YORK.

Apron and Necktie Party in Newark.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The Brooklyn Club—Other News.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Newark Society held a very successful and enjoyable "Apron and Necktie Party," on the evening of Saturday last, at its rooms in the New Auditorium Building, Newark. There were between one hundred and fifty and two hundred present, all of whom took part in the dancing and games.

It was nearly nine o'clock when those with aprons and their partners, with ties to match, promenaded round the hall. Only a few had brought aprons and ties, but the variety and beauty and comicality was quite extended. Here are a few—

NAME.	APRON.
Mrs. Jacques Loew.	All Nations
Mrs. C. Lawrence.	Wild Rose
Miss M. Jones.	Pumpkin
Miss Gaydos.	Violets
Miss Kate Harrison.	Bandanna
Mrs. Tooley.	Lace
Miss K. Scheren.	Poppy
Miss J. Black.	Lace and flowers
Miss Grace Redman.	Hand Embroidered
Miss Theresa Wagner.	Lace
Miss Susie Secor.	Japanese
Miss Schaublein.	Muslin and Ribbon
Mrs. H. P. Kane.	Dainty Lace
Miss Ruth Redman.	Calico
Mrs. Emma Coombs.	Dimity

The prize winners were:—
For the prettiest apron—First prize, Mrs. Jacques Loew and her partner, Mr. Sonneborn, beautiful pauties framed and photograph stand frame.

Second prize, Mrs. Charles Lawrence and her partner, Mr. Schlipp, white feather fan and match stand.

Third prize, Mrs. John M. Black and her partner, Mr. William Hutton, tea saucer and plate and fine vase.

Comical apron—First prize, Miss Maggie Jones and her partner, Mr. Kane, cut-glass jewelry box and fine parlor vase.

Rubber Game—First prize, Miss Earnest, of Jersey City, won a fine letter box, and Mr. Balamuth, of Newark, N. J., a fine salt stand.

The Judges were Mr. James McCann, of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League and Mr. James Gaffney, of the Xavier Deaf-Mutes' Club.

Before dispersal all were served with ice-cream, lemonade and cake, and the Newark Society again vindicated its claims for liberality and polite treatment of its guests.

Among the many present we noticed Messrs. and Mesdames Jacques Loew, Joseph Sonneborn, H. L. Juhring, C. C. McMann, E. E. Hannan, H. P. Kane, A. Balamuth, John L. Black, Chas. Lawrence, Paul Keys, John Ward, Elam Will, E. McCarthy, Mrs. Ella Turner, Mrs. Emma Coombs, Mrs. Joseph Penrose, Mrs. Frank Penrose, Mrs. Conzelman, Misses Ruth Bodenweiser, Redner, A. Krasley, Effie Kelsch, Martha Unglaub, Anna Fadenhauser, Elizabeth Hompesch, Effie Krasley, Emma Jacobs, Helen Housel, Messrs. A. C. Bachrach, Henry Kohlman, George Overath, Samuel Frankenstein, Herbert Fox, Charles McManus, William Welcher, Charles Casella, Solomon Buttenheim, Seymour A. Gomprecht, Osmond Loew, Merton Moses, Samuel Dyer, William White, William Caldecott, Charles Bousfield, Louis Hatowsky, and a good many others whose names have escaped the writer's elusive memory.

The Misses Pearce gave an excellent dramatic entertainment in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, last Saturday evening. There was quite a big crowd present, all of whom were more than well pleased with the program and its production. Following is the program:—

LAY FIGURES.

(A Burlesque in one act by F. L. Pearce.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.
Paul Palette (an aspiring young artist) . . . Mr. F. King.
Dick Dauber (his chum and pupil) . . . Mr. B. Zwofie.
Miss Jane Naggin (Wealthy Spinster Aunt to Palette) . . . Miss M. Pearce.
Violet Dauber (sister to Dick) . . . Miss V. Pearce.
Maude Modern (her cousin) . . . Miss E. Thadwald.
Susan (Maid of all work) . . . Mr. G. Rau.
Scene—Palette's Studio.

THE FOUR CLOWNS.

(In one act.)
Mr. G. Rau . . . Mr. B. Zwofie
Mr. F. King . . . Miss V. Pearce

THE JAMAICAN HOME.

British West Indies.
(In one act.)
SAMM SCENE—Mr. Lee's home.
Mr. Lee . . . Mr. F. King
Mrs. Lee . . . Miss V. Pearce

OHIO.

Perseverantia Omnes Vincit.

BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

A Fire Scare.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Nov. 23, 1905—Some months ago Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Pershing removed from Springfield to Dayton, O., and are occupying quarters with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Showalter. Mr. Pershing had undertaken a new kind of business, and as there was no opening for it in Springfield, moved to Dayton. While at work in the former town he joined the International Correspondence School of Scranton, Pa., and for over two years devoted an hour or so of evenings at home to study in mechanical drawing. Patience and perseverance on his part finally brought their reward for he was given a recommendation from the head of the school. With this in his pocket Mr. Pershing went to Dayton, and the first place he applied to he was taken in on trial.

He won, proved to the satisfaction of the foreman that he was competent to do the work given him, and therefore employed. Since then he has given good satisfaction, and has been promised in the near future higher pay. Only another instance where persistency and devotion to one's work wins, and Mr. Pershing deserves praise for his patience in overcoming obstacles.

Miss Bertha Dresback left for her home in Johnstown, Licking Co., O., last evening on account of poor health.

Mr. H. Cook taking private lessons from an instructor at O. S. U., as a constructive draughtsman, has already had offers from two firms in this city to engage with them, but has for the present declined. Not till he completes his course will he think of accepting any offers. He has also been asked by the O. S. U. Baseball Association to play with the club next season. This came from one of the students, who saw him play with the Homestead Club, several years ago.

Saturday was the birthday anniversary of Miss Alice Prouty, and in its honor Mrs. Thomas McGinness with Miss Henrietta Gould got up a party for her. As Miss Prouty lives up in Worthington, Mrs. Mary Willing kindly permitted the use of her home for the affair. Numerous games helped to pass the evening pleasantly. Dainty refreshments were served, and all enjoyed the occasion. Those who took part were Miss Prouty, Mrs. Mary Willing, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McGinness, Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. William Willing, Mrs. C. C. Neuner and daughter, Marie, Misses Edith Biggam, Ada Adair, Ida Hubbard, Anna Stocker, Henrietta Gould and Bertha Dresback and Messrs. Fred Schwartz, Basil Grigsby, Elasco Burehman and George Robinson.

The Independents had a game of football Saturday afternoon with a team composed of ex-pupils, and downed them with ease. We have not the score at hand. The game was interesting for the antics gone through by the scrubs.

The report of the Board of Managers of the Home for the Deaf for the year ending August 31, 1905, came from the binders yesterday, and is now ready for distribution.

Saturday evening Mrs. R. H. Atwood left her home to do some purchasing in a nearby grocery, and having attended to it started on the return. While crossing the street, a rapidly driven carriage came along, and before she could get out of the way was knocked down. People who saw the accident came to her assistance and took her home, and a physician was called. Examination revealed that she received some bruises about the nose and one of her big toes was crushed, either by one of the horses tramping upon it, or the wheels of the carriage running over it. She suffered a great deal of pain during the night, but at this writing is doing well, and recovering from the shock consequent upon the sudden shaking up received. It is not known who the occupants of the carriage were. They were driving at a rapid speed, and the nearest part of the affair is they did not stop to see what they had done and render assistance.

Misses Anna Stocker and Bertha Dresback, two deaf ladies employed in the State Bindery, and rooming at 398 Oak Street, received a sudden and unpleasant summons to get up about 2 A.M., Monday, caused by fire from a defective flue pipe of a gas stove. The fire department extinguished the fire, which entailed a loss of \$350 on the house and \$50 on contents. The young ladies didn't like the experience of getting up in the cold at this early hour, and having

about all of their clothing ruined by water, still they consider themselves fortunate that they escaped with their lives.

Mr. George Kinkel, of Cleveland, is taking a vacation from farm work. He was visiting over in Zanesville last week with Mr. Albert Horn, who runs a tailoring establishment. While there he had himself fitted out with a new suit and overcoat made entirely by Mr. Horn. Mr. Kinkel came to Columbus Monday, and was showing the clothes to his friends. The make up is a credit to Mr. Horn's skill, the more so as he was first taught the trade here at school, and later followed it under the instruction of a tailor at his home and then started a shop of his own, and has now a good steady business. He has Philip Schwartz at present as an assistant. Mr. Kinkel brought along with him a basket of vegetables, beets and carrots, which he donated to the forthcoming fair of the Ladies' Aid Society. The beets are of the sugar variety, and are whoppers, as are also the carrots.

Mr. J. W. W. Powell has also sent in a collection of articles from his harness shop, made by him, and to be disposed of for the benefit of the Society.

A. B. G.

FANWOOD.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The regular monthly reunion came off on Saturday evening, the 25th, and was a very enjoyable affair. Under the committee of Misses Helen P. Newman, Edith A. Hillman and Lura Mack, assisted by Miss Anna Bonoff and Cadet Samuel Cohen, is due the whole credit for the success of the affair. Dancing and games enlivened the occasion, and social intercourse was kept up until fifteen minutes to nine o'clock, when all retired.

One Saturday evening, a cadet captain from this school was taking a trip uptown in a Subway train in uniform, when a stranger accosted him and began to speak to our deaf friend. Luckily enough, he possessed some skill in lip-reading, and soon understood the stranger easily. The latter, with a cheerful countenance and eager to form an acquaintance, remarked: "Well, I suppose you come from West Point." He was evidently awaiting an answer, when the perplexed captain replied *viva voce*: "No, sir, I come from Fanwood, at Washington Heights, where deaf-mutes are educated."

The stranger was led to believe the captain was a West Point cadet by the similarity in gray uniform and cap, also by the announcement in the daily papers that a hundred West Point cadets would attend the Horse Show in Madison Square Garden that evening. Another curious fact is that when he passed along the streets, he noticed persons raise their eyes to the gold initials on his cap, by which they might distinguish the difference between a West Pointer and a Fanwoodite. Seatite crayons are now being used in place of chalk crayons. The new crayons are dust-proof, and are more convenient to use than the chalk.

Cadet Captain Mendel Rosenberg and his brother were called home Sunday afternoon to attend a party given in honor of the engagement of his sister, Mollie, who was a former pupil here.

Principal Currier and Mrs. Currier went to Newburyport, Mass., on Wednesday evening, to visit Principal Currier's mother, and to do honor to her birthday, which occurred on Thursday, November 23d. She was born in the year 1810, and is therefore ninety-five years old. She reads the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL every week and is greatly interested in the "Fanwood" column, as through it she learns of all that transpires at the Institution over which her son presides as Principal. She is quite active physically and mentally, and takes the keenest interest in the news of the day and in religious and charitable work. She is the only living "Daughter of the Revolution," in her section of Massachusetts.

By the time the JOURNAL reaches its readers, the pupils will be pleasantly spending their Thanksgiving vacation at home, beginning Tuesday, November 28th, and returning Monday, December 4th. Those who remain here will be served with a bountiful repast on Thanksgiving Day.

Principal Currier presented the cadet officers with a bunch of chrysanthemums last Saturday, and they were used by them at the reunion to appear more comely. The gift is gratefully acknowledged by the cadet officers.

The Sixth and Seventh Female Grades, chaperoned by the two busy bees, Misses Buckingham and Burdard, went to the historic Jumel Mansion and explored every nook and cranny in it. Later, they repaired to the cosy apartments of the two ladies, where they were shown around.

It is known by few here that Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, has a nephew here, in the person of Sergeant-Major George Gompers.

Prof. W. G. Jones finished the reading of "The Prince and the Pauper," last Sunday evening, in the chapel. Next comes "Bion, the Wanderer," by Sylvanus Cobb, which will be given serially every Sunday evening.

Ida Bucher was attacked by appendicitis last week and removed to St. Luke's Hospital, where a successful operation was performed. The patient is making good recovery, and will soon be returned to her studies.

Principal Currier is in receipt of an invitation from the Board of Directors of the California Institution at Berkeley, to be present at the fortieth anniversary of the Installation of Dr. Warring Wilkinson as Principal, which occurs on the 1st of December. The celebration will be held in the Institution chapel on the evening of that day.

The Library for the Blind at this Institution has just received from Mr. William Wade seventeen volumes. Our blind children are exceedingly grateful for these books and thank the giver.

S. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the recent issue of the JOURNAL, the Baltimore writer gave a brilliant programme full of only what was to come off, and to all appearances, the list of dates is full to overflowing, this for the interest of the deaf in Baltimore. That is very good, as far as everything with but one exception is concerned. The deaf, as a rule, need a leader and the leader to think, plan and accomplish whatever is for their own pleasure and for the benefit of the church. So, in Baltimore, we take it for granted that the writer, better known as "Phlick," is the leader, or, at least, is one of the leaders, or he certainly would not have submitted such programme full and admirable with such amount of enthusiasm, as he did in the recent number of this paper.

But here is food excellent for a little reflection, which I certainly referred when I quoted in the foregoing "with but one exception." As well known, that is, if I do not say amiss, "Phlick" has charge of the churches at Baltimore and here at Washington during the officiating minister's absence in the sunny South. Yet, judging from the "Phlickie" programme, it seems as though enjoyment, pleasure, and sociability are booked for Baltimore only; the programme and dates that are full are for one place only; and everything for it, so to speak. Perhaps Washington will be contented with Scriptural reading only and on Sunday evening only.

In about every State of the Union, the deaf have their own clubs, but here in Washington, strange to say, while it is the educational centre of silent world, no club has yet been formed. I mean that no club or association has been established to last. To be sure, various projects have been attempted, with that light in view, but each time they were denied full execution, which is very mysterious, and beyond common comprehension. There have been leaders, and they have effected their schemes in establishing clubs. At first these prospects looked bright and the future seemed to have abundant promise in store for them, and there was plenty of enthusiasm in the air. But a very short time was consumed and then, lo! behold the spirit of enthusiasm centred in the establishment of the club dwindling and tottering toward its grave and finally swallowed up. Then arises a simple word for consideration and that is the question *why*? It is to be hoped the problem is not too intricate to answer the question. Possibly a Caesar is needed who would come, who would see, and who would conquer, to be resulted in the founding of a club or association, either social or literary, and this to be of no temporary, as has been the case hitherto, but long duration.

Mr. M. O. Roberts, a clerk at the Pension office, while away a portion of his annual leave of absence in sojourning in the gay city of New York in October last, and he enjoyed himself very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Stafford have recently moved to permanent quarters on Fourteenth Street, northeast. Mr. Stafford is employed as a clerk at the Southern Railway office.

Mr. Marshall, '04, also a clerk at the Southern Railway office, was married in March last, but we did not know it until a short time ago. All the while his wife stayed somewhere in New England, and this perhaps is just what accounts for our ignorance of the fact. Recently she came to Washington, and is residing on Eleventh Street, northeast, with her husband.

Hyattsville, in Maryland, seems to have a strong fascination for some of us. There are now about three married couples living there, the latest addition being Mr. and Mrs. Merrill who moved there a short time ago. The others are Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, and Mr. and Mrs. Hodges.

There are two facts that perchance have escaped notice of the public eye. On the eighth of June, last, Mr. Thomas F. Mitchell, second ex-

aminer at the Patent Office, plighted his troth to a Miss Simmonds, a charming hearing lady, and the couple have settled at their new house which Mr. Mitchell purchased shortly ago, prior to the marriage.

In September last, Mr. John Flood, employed at the United States Mail Bag Repair Shop, took a flying trip to a certain town in Missouri, where his bride lived, and they were married, Rev. Mr. Cloud officiating. The bride was a Miss Fliehmman, hitherto employed as instructor of the cooking class at the Fulton School for the Deaf. Mr. Flood first met her at the World's Fair at St. Louis, a year ago, with the aforesaid result. The couple are living happily at their little cozy home up in the northern section of the city, on Massachusetts Avenue.

Mr. Williams, the college correspondent for the JOURNAL, never failed to interest us, as he always gave a graphic account of each foot-ball game played by Gallaudet College, but the only thing we regret is that the results of the games are not gratifying. Nevertheless, there is hope. Hannibal's patience and perseverance brought that fierce leader and his armies across the ever defiant Alps to the other sunny side of the mountains. Of course, it was some time before the coveted destination was attained by Hannibal. Perhaps, in a year, laurels upon laurels will be heaped upon Gallaudet College, and for you we cherish fondest hopes, old boys.

Thus goes the saying of
CARDINAL RICHELIEU.
Nov. 26, 1905.

CHURCH NOTICES.

FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT,
DECEMBER 3d.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M. Holy Communion.

St. Ann's Church, Bible Class, 2:30 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

Birthday of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet commemorated in St. Ann's Guild Room, Monday, Dec. 4th, at 8 P.M. Several memorial addresses. Free with welcome to all.

There will be no Social on Tuesday, December 5th.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

REV. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, Pastor.

Sunday service at 7:30 P.M. Sermon, interpreted into signs by Mr. E. P. Clarke.

Bible Class meets at 8 o'clock.

Dec. 3—Holy Communion at 11 A.M. In the evening Rev. Charles A. Stoddard will preach.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

Club Room Bulletin

Dec. 1—Picture Puzzle Contest for prizes.
Dec. 8—Story, by Mr. W. H. Rose.
Dec. 15—Apron and Neck-tie Party.
Dec. 22—Christmas Jollity.
Dec. 29—New Year Games.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services on Sundays in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S. J.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

DECEMBER 1905.

3-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.

3:30 P.M., Ascension House, Fall River.

10-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.

2:30 P.M., Grace, Providence, R. I.

12-3:30 P.M., New England Home, Everett.

17-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.

2:00 P.M., St. Stephen's, Deaf-Mutes, Beverly.

4:15 P.M., St. Peter's, Parish House, Beverly.

24-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.

9:30 P.M., St. John's, Lowell.

31-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.

2:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Brockton.

Services every Friday at 3:30 P.M., at New England Home, Everett.

Christmas Celebration at St. Andrew's, Boston, December 24th, 10:30 A.M.

S. STANLEY SEARING.
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
664 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Only one dollar a year.

CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club Give a Ball

THE FAMOUS HULL HOUSE.

All the News Briefly Told.

[The North Western News Bureau, Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Central Post Office, Mgr.]

The Pas-a-Pas Club Ball, which was held in the famous Hull House, was a pronounced success, and will linger like a perfume in the memory of those who braved the night to get there, in spite of the weird surroundings. Not only did they enjoy tripping the light fantastic toe in waltzes, two steps, quadrilles, to the accompaniment of Spiegel's Standard Orchestra, but they learned much about the philanthropic built House with its founder, Jane Addams.

It is not safe to aver that the pianist put his foot on the fortissimo pedal and thundered himself deaf, trying to make the deaf dancers hear the music, but methinks he did it. A fair sprinkling of hearing couples helped give the cue, and so the dances were reeled off smoothly, but "dancing till morning" was out of the question, as Hull House principles only permitted it to last till twelve. Then flickering electric lights warned the merry dancers to hie for the cloak room.

When Jane Addams was introduced to everybody, there was a mutual satisfaction. We beheld a woman, famous unto the ends of the earth, for her philanthropic work.

The Pas-a-Pas Club bowlers won this time, owing to change of bowling rooms, and to the fact that they did less "railroading" than the Harts.

One by one, the fair ladies of Chicago are leaving the city temporarily. Miss Geiman, formerly of Mt. Airy, is visiting in Rockford, Ill. Miss Matteson expects to go to New York City soon, and says she will go single and return single. We will see.

Ivan Hymanson is only back in town for a short time, going back to St. Louis and the "Big Muddy" soon.

Norman Shelby, Chicago's blind mute, was at the ball, and would you believe it—went through the two-step several times?

Harry Brimble was there too, and looked well, considering the fact that he had been operated on for appendicitis. He wishes the statement that he was prostrated in the streets and sent to the hospital in an ambulance contradicted, for he felt the pain coming and just walked into the hospital.

Miss Marks proved herself to be in very robust health by taking in all the dances, which will be news to one F. J. N—if his eyes happen to be riveted on this paragraph.

Morton Sonneborn, barring accident, will hie to New York City on the Century Limited, just before Christmas. Until the Gothamites see him in flesh and blood, I'll be considered a "Munchausen."

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lamb were unfortunate as to lose their baby by death last Sunday.

Horace Buell, of Iowa, is book-keeper in the credit department of Siegel, Cooper & Co. Besides, he can hit the ninespins and keep his feet on the oiled dancing floor.

Ralph E. Miller, of Kansas, is employed in the Automatic Telephone Co., and is doing well, as evinced by paying down a year's subscription to the JOURNAL.

Why is it that the loudest criticism of the JOURNAL comes from borrowers of the paper? It beats looking into the teeth of a gift horse, all to pieces.

Misses Delight Rice and Edith Fitzgerald, of Delavan, Wis., were in the city two days, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan. Miss Rice is the daughter of Chas. M. Rice, of Columbus, and is engaged in the special line of teaching the deaf-blind at Delavan.

Rev. Mr. Waugh, whose missionary work of forty years in India, has resulted in 150,000 converts was at the Methodist Church, an interested spectator of the proceedings. He has a deaf son, and to see him and to attend Bishop Merrill's funeral, explained his presence here.

The text of Rev. Mr. Hasenstab's sermon was St. Luke 2:49.

Attempts to corral the comet (Mrs. Mills), have failed thus far.

Special Notice.

The Venerable Samuel J. Babcock, Archdeacon of the Diocese of Massachusetts, will make an official Visitation and preach at St. Andrew's Mission for Deaf-Mutes, Boston, on Sunday, December 31st, 1905, at 10:30 A.M.

S. STANLEY SEARING.

Elmira, N. Y.

Miss Myrtle E. Manning and her mother, spent a couple of days at Mr. and Mrs. Murray's home, en route home from Pennsylvania, last month.

Jacob Amnuth is still employed at Brand & Co.'s, wholesale tobacconists. He boards with us.

Miss May Kirkuff is employed with her mother, as a second girl, in a private boarding house.

Miss Ella Humphrey took advantage of a cheap excursion to Rochester, last month, and visited her friends.

Since the convention here last summer several people told me that they had always supposed that all deaf people were without education. When they saw that all of them here were bright and intelligent, and they thought it marvelous that they learned without hearing. The Empire State Association is a grand advertiser of the deaf. People can learn more about the deaf by reading in the papers where they annually meet. It is a pity that the Empire State Association is very weak in its organization. The new officers elected are at work trying to strengthen it. The Constitution and By-Laws should be amended to some extent. We believe that the expenses of the President and treasurer should not be more than five dollars each, and the secretary ten dollars. The work of the secretary is harder than the rest. Much of the past records of the association are not kept.

One record shows that a convention was held here in this town, in 1878. They had an excursion to some place, and it netted over two hundred dollars. The balance on hand was over three hundred dollars, after spending three hundred dollars or more. Two hundred dollars was loaned to a mute, on a note. He paid back some, but don't know whether he paid it all back or not—the record is not kept. The money in treasury began to dwindle. Now there is no balance on hand at present. The expenses of the officers have been from eight to thirty dollars each.

Delegates go to the deaf-mute convention at their own expenses. The officers should do the same, and they be allowed five dollars and the secretary ten, for labor performed.

The committee on nominations should be abolished and the officers be nominated and elected by the delegates. Some old members of the E. S. A. for several years, have not attended for the past three or four years. They became disgusted with it, thinking they were against them. Politicians seldom give up the fight and stay forgotten.

The theater which was burned down two years ago, was rebuilt and opened last month. The firm where I am employed secured the contract for furnishing it with carpets and upholstery. They had me to design and put up upholstery over the boxes and loges.

Reading the article of "Old Shoe" in last week's JOURNAL, I am surprised that he would like a wife who would wear nothing but a new calico dress per year. He thinks a calico dress is good enough to wear to the circus or to the deaf-mute convention. Too bad you wrote your wish in the JOURNAL. Now it will be harder and harder for you to get a wife, for they fear you might compel them to wear only one dress per year, and make them chop wood and shine your shoes. I can get you one if you wish to. I have seen several wax dummies in the dry goods stores with calico dresses on. They will suit you for a wife.

Many married couples are troubled with broken bricks in the kitchen ranges, and they can not afford to buy new ones right away. My wife complained of poor fires. I went to the hardware store to get one, but they did not have one on hand to replace the broken one. I remembered hearing some one say that if I would put one quart of ashes and one pint of salt together and wet with water, then fill the broken parts with the home-made cement, it becomes hard as brick. It is three weeks since it was fixed. The new brick came and is now lying under the range, waiting for the ashes and salt cement to come off.

Dr. Laughter.

Senator Depew recently gave utterance to this bit of philosophy: "The man who laughs is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go out half way to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him, and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the shiny streaks in its pathway."

The Mexican of average size wears a number six boot.

Of the twenty-five men who have been Presidents of the United States ten have to-day no descendants.

SERMON REPORTING.

SYNOPSIS OF A SERMON, DELIVERED IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE BY REV. P. J. HASENSTAB, METHODIST CHURCH, CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER 12, 1905.

"But whoso looketh into the Perfect Law of Liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a Doer of the Work, this man shall be blessed in His Deed."—James 1:25.

The words of James, one of the Apostles, is full of practical wisdom. The doer is compared to the man who builds his house on solid rock, to withstand storms, rain, etc., while the hearer is likened unto the man who builds his house on sand to become a prey to the elements. The man who is both hearer and doer gets along in life better.

For what purpose are we on the Earth? Do we stop to consider it one of responsibility? Or, without? The worker who does not put himself in sympathy with his employer, who does not heed what he says, will soon find himself without a job, while he who hearkens unto his foreman and puts himself in accord, will rise in his position. So the worshipper by forgetting self and consulting the Lord in all will be blessed in His Deed.

One is the secret of success in business and the other of a successful Christian life.

Many people imagine that by indulging in gambling, drink, violating the Sabbath, that they are enjoying the Perfect Law of Liberty, but they are sadly mistaken, for they are in bondage to sin.

When the mantle of leadership after forty years fell from Moses on Joshua, the Lord said, make the five books of Genesis your guide and it will come out right. Joshua's successful leadership, was all due to being in accord with the Lord. He carried out His instructions to the letter and Canaan was won at last.

The first five books of the Bible contain the laws that have governed the world for three thousand five hundred years, and while laws in Nations, States and Cities are changing all the time, these ancient laws have survived the wreck of nations, and no one has yet been found that would change them. The next three books are histories of the Jews. Five hundred years after Joshua came David. He had the eight books to follow. Then follow the Songs of David and the Prophecies. The Epistles of the Apostles finish the Book of Books. This may be termed the Evolution of the Bible, that pertains to the Redemption of Mankind.

Hearken unto him if we would be Blessed in Deed.

CURE DOUBLE CHIN

Getting rid of a double chin should begin by washing the face in hot water to open the pores, and then rubbing under the chin and over the jaws the cream given here. Then hold both hands with the thumbs meeting under the chin. With the fingers firmly pressed to act as a brace the thumbs should be drawn back to each ear with as strong a pressure as one can give. Never bring the thumbs over the skin back to the chin, but lift them, and again press up hard. This is literally to rub away fat. Little practice will show precisely how to hold the thumbs to get the broadest stroke with them, but all the strength one has should be used in the wearing away process, says the New York Telegram.

Do this for ten minutes, using more cream if necessary.

Melt fresh tallow, strain, and use as much glycerine as there is tallow. Into these while they are liquid put the alum. Put the rose water in a porcelain saucepan, let it heat a little and then dissolve the isinglass. Remove from the heat, but while still warm mix in the tallow and glycerine with alum, beating with a silver fork. Then add the camphor and benzoin. The purpose of this cream is not only to serve for massage, but to keep firm skin that would sag and wrinkle as flesh beneath it is rubbed away. The cream should not be used for any other purpose than this, and should be discontinued as soon as it can be.

After that, exercise the throat to develop muscles that have grown too weak to do their duty, and so have permitted fat to accumulate. Begin by bending the head forward until all the cords in the throat are stretched. After that tilt the head first on side and then the other as far as it can be pulled. There must be muscular effort put into these movements or they are time wasted. At the end of the exercises, that should take fifteen minutes, wipe the chin either with pure alcohol or else with a good toilet water, which is also astringent and will remove the grease on the skin.

The way the head is held may have much to do with preserving facial contour, for if the poise is not such as to keep the throat cords well held they sag and flesh accumulates by a natural process of weight dragging down. Few women hold their heads well, which is a pity, for it may carry much distinction, adding to grace and effect. Properly poised it is erect, with the chin up, but not thrust out. It is worth practising.

A German "millionaire" (in marks) is worth \$250,000 or more in our money. Last year Prussia had 6,601 of these millionaires. In 1899 their number was 6,016.

The prefect of Seine, having placarded Paris with posters describing the terrible effects of alcohol and absinthe drinking, the cafe proprietors each filed a damage suit against him.



We are still here.

We continue to grow.

We are paying dividends as usual.

We offer as heretofore:

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2. An inducement to save.

Our stockholders have that satisfied feeling.

For information address:

JAY COOKE HOWARD, Sec'y,
Duluth, Minn.

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MASKED BALL AT

GRAND CENTRAL

HALL, FORMERLY

MILITARY HALL,

Saturday Evening, Feb. 10, '06

PARTICULARS LATER

JOHN W. JACKSON, Chairman.



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Wednesday Evening, Jan. 24, 1906

MUSIC BY PROF. DAVIS

STAGE ENTERTAINMENT UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

DR. T. F. FOX

Admission, - (including wardrobe) - 50 Cents

[Further particulars will be given later.]

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for the Benefit of the Parish House Memorial

TO BE HELD IN THE

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(148TH STREET, WEST OF AMSTERDAM AVENUE)

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

December 7th, 8th and 9th, 1905

From three to ten o'clock P.M.

Donations can be sent to the Committee.

Season Ticket, - - Fifteen Cents

Single Ticket, - - Ten Cents

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